# IN HONOR OF LAFATATTE.

UNVEILING HIS STATUE AT LE PUY. THOM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. LE PUY, France, Sept. 17.

It is pleasant to make acquaintance with the

range of wild, picturesque hills surrounding the birthplace of Lafayette. The journey from Lyons to Le Puy, in the special car with Minister Morton and his party, occupied about twelve hours, though the distance, with ordinary speed, ought to have been accomplished in three hours. But agreeabl company, a chance to visit St. Etienne and the charm of the scenery more than compensated for delay. First we followed the valley of the Rhone. bluest, brightest, swiftest most joyous of rivers." At the dirty and smoky town of Givors, celebrated for its glass bottles, the railroad quits the Rhone, and ascends the valley of the Gier. Coal is the chief industry, until we reached St. Chamond. celebrated for stay-laces and iron-works. At St. Etienne we stayed several hours. Below St. Etienne the railroad runs almost due west, traversing a very hilly country, passing Firminy, an important manufacturing town, and approaching the Loire by the deep gorge of the Lignon. The Lorre begins not far from here among the glittering micaceous rocks of the micene, and seems only a stream at this point, unlike the river which Carrier called a "torrent revolutionnaire." Near this we entered the volcanie district of the Velay; on either side rise hills of basalt and trachyte, and amidts, the wildest and grandest scenery, the ancient town of Le Puy looms up with its famous Rocher de Corneille, crowned by a statue of the Virgin of Le Puy, fifty feet high, and near it the still more remarkable Rocher de St.

Le Puy has always been des ribed as one of the most strikingly peculiar and picturesque towns in France. In some parts it reminds one so much of the fifteenth century that it is almost impossible to walk its narrow streets and realize we are living so near the twentieth, especially in the vicinity of the ancient cathedral, reached only by climbing a steep nill, impassable by carriages. The venerable structure is a tine specimen of Romanesqe work, and through its huge cavernous, vaulted, portal pass the pilgrams to the Image of the Virgin. Part of this building dates back to the eleventh century. In former times thousands of devout pilgrims toiled up the hill to pray at the feet of the miracle-working image of Notre Dame du Puy, believed to have been made by the Christians of Mount Lebanon, or ac cording to some authorities, by the Propnet Jeremiah himself. Popes and Kings and powerful lords were among the visitors of those days, but now the four or five thousand who annually visit the Virgin and Child are the simple-minded mountaineers.

But to this day the garb of the people of these monutain districts retains its picturesqueness. The women wear the brightest and the gayest colors, while the men, especially the peasants from the sur rounding districts, retain the blouses and tunics of centuries ago. Placards announce "Pienary Indulgences," and these, I was told by a gentleman living in the vicinity, are freely bought and sold. Monks and nuns, clothed in the raiment of the Church, wend their way through the gray arches into the precincts of the cathedral. From the sum mit of both the noted rocks of Le Puy a fine view can be had of the town and the surrounding vine clad hills. The rock of St. Michel looks like a rugged Cleopatra's needle, 265 feet high, with a thickness of 500 feet at the base and 50 feet on its top. On the summit is . small chapel which just covers the platform. The chapel is reached by winding stairs partly cut in the rocks, numbering. I believe, about 250.

As space will not permit me longer to dwell upon the old town itself, I must hasten on to a brief ac count of the events which occasioned the visit. The American party consisted of Minister Morton, Consul-General Walker, Consul Piexotto, of Lyons, Consul Batley, of Hamburg, Mr. Chamberlain, Editor of The Paris Morning News, Colonel Ochiltree, of Texas, Colonel Ritchie, of Boston, Mr. J. P. Witherow, of Penusylvania Mr. W. A. Hopkins, the Rev. Dr. Beard, of Paris, Mr. George Piexotto, Mr. Kelley, of Paris, Mr. Serrell, of Lyons, Mr. Regnier, of Dijon, Mr. John Munroe, of Paris, and Mr. Bell, of New-York. They were met at the station with considerable enthusiasm by a large concourse of people, headed by the Under Secretary of the Interior, M. Marque. As it was dark when the party arrived but little of the town could be seen, though from the crowded streets and shadowy triumphal arches it was evident that the ust place was on the eve of a great event.

The next morning opened with the booming of cannon and the music of bands, the Americans being serenaded at the hotel before any one, excepting the newspaper men, were out of their beds, People were pouring into the town from all directions. The main streets were bung from one end to the other with Chinese lanterns. Arches of triumph had been erected at intervals and did credit to th taste and ingenuity of Le Puy. One of the most novel was entirely constructed of wine casks. Intermingled with the tri-colored flag were the Stars and Stripes. The houses and shops were decorated, and from almost every window hung a flag. Soldiers in uniform, civilians dressed in their best. peasants in gay colors, and women and girls with the quaintest kind of head-gear perambulated the streets at an early hour. Such a variety of ribbons I never before beheld, the shades and designs must have taxed the ingenuity of the makers of St.

Etienne. At 11 o'clock M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Minister of the Interior, arrived, and, accompanied by Min-1ster Morton and Senator Lafayette, the grandson of Lafayette, was escorted to the Prefecture in state by the soldiery, the civil authorities, the civic societies and the various bands.

In the afternoon the procession formed and marched to the statue, the American guests following immediately after the family of Lafayette. Seats were provided for the visitors and the dignitaries on the grand stand, under a gorgeons awning of yellow and white, with a back of red Every one on the grand stand appeared either in evening dress or in uniform, and stood with uncovered head. At 3 o'clock the statue was unveiled, and the bronze presentment of Lafayette was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering from the vast crowd, which stretched in all directions. Every window in the vicinity was crowded, and the bright red tile roofs of the surrounding houses

were lined with curious and enthusiastic spectators. The central figures on the grand stand were M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Minister Morton and Senator Lafayette. The French Minister of the Interior is a slight, tall man, with dark complexion and light bluish-gray eyes, prominently set in the head, denoting self-possession, under eyebrows which are the expressive and classical feature of his face. He has a high nose very much like the first Napoleon, carrying out the idea of his character, which is certainly imperious. Although he gesticulates like most Frenchmen, his well-proportioned arms and delicate hands add elequence to his delivery and sympathetic voice. The finer points of his delivery were lost in the afternoon in the open air, but at the banquet in the evening, when he spoke of the firm foundation of the present French Republic, on logic and education, and compared it with the Republics of 1792 and 1848, founded on sentiment and passion, his whole frame lit up with earnestness. and his closing allusion to a recent mourning was as pathetic as was his denunciation determined of any pretender who should dare to pick up the throne France which the people had divided among

of France which the people had divided among themselves. The applause that followed these remarks was deafening, and the cloquent young colleague of Gambetta, for Kousseau is only thirty-six, must have feit that he had surred a response in the hearts of every Frenchman and American present.

The Caim, thoughtful face of our own representative in France is well known in New-York. In Europ, he is thought to resemble the former King of the Beignass, Leopold I.—due perhaps to his having taken off his side whiskers. He has a well-shaped mouth, progruent nose and curved nostrils, and has intelligent dark blue eyes harmonize in character with his mouth, both expressive of determination and amiability. There is something particularly American about Mr. Mortion's lace which the French attribute to his straight hair, which is just turning gray. As with Waldeckon's face which the French attribute to have a mair, which is just turning gray. As with Waldeck-Romsseau. Mr. Morton's evening speech was heard o better advantage than the one at the unveiling to better advantage than the one at the in the afternoon. His allusions in both instances to the friendship existing between the two Republics was cheered vociferously and continued shouts

of Fire la Republique!! came up from the vast mul

of Fire la République!! came up from the vast multitude.

Edmond de Latavette, the grandson of General Lafavette, and Senator of the Department of the Hautes-Loire was the most distinguished guest of the day. He is not so tall a man as Minister Morton, but well proportioned, inclining to stoutness. He has a shight stoop, fair complexion, healthy tinge in his face, wears his whiskers in the same way as President Arthur, and has beautiful bright blue eves, shaggy evebrows, which is the only thing old about his face, finely shaped mouth and good teeth. He was easily dressed, an'l democratic, mingling with the crowd, chatting alike with peasant and proprietor, and courteous in a high degree to all the American guests.

At the banquet in the evening an ong the speeches was one in French by Counti-General Walker. His speech was well received by the Frenchmen present, one French gentleman who sat next to me speaking

one French gentleman who sat next to me speaking of the great charm of manner in delivery as well as the excellent ideas.

After the banquet M.Waldeck-Rousseau held a reception in the American fashion which all the citizens of Le Puy attended, walking through by the nousand, shaking hands and passing along. Then sme the brilliant display of fireworks, which lasted ong into the night. The streets were through with people, the cafes were overflowing, and unsie, tireworks, drinking, smoking, promenading and merriment of all kinds the great gain day at ePuy closed.

At about 10 clock the next day Minister Morton

At about 1 o'clock the next day Minister Morton and his party departed with the good wishes and cheers of those assembled at the station. B side the main celebration at Le Puy many pleasant surprises had been given to the American visitors both on the outward and homeward route. At Lyons, Consul Piexotto gave Minister Morion a fine banquet, to which about sixty gentleman sat down. At St. Etienne, the Minister, Consul-General Walker, and Consul Piexotto were entertained by the Prefect. On returning to Lyons a dinner was given to the Minister and party by Mr. Serrell, the American inventor, who has recently been awarded American inventor, who has recently been awarded the gold medal for having invented the most im-portant machinery in connection with the silk

### CASHERS VALLEY.

GLIMPSES OF OUT-OF-THE-WAY SOUTHERN

CHARACTER. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. CASHER'S VALLEY, N. C., Sept. 22 .- " Casher's" is what the Post Office authorities have decided to call this valley, which lies 3,600 feet above sea-level, with the mountains of the Blue Ridge surrounding it and the nearest railroad thirty-five miles away. But the twenty-five or thirty families scattered through the neighborhood now, as well as the wealthier "lowcountry people" of South Carolina who resorted here even in by-gone summers, coming on horseback wher wheels had never been, have always called it " Casher's Vailey," or " Casher's," in honor of a stray horse of cele brated breed, named Cash, which was found here by his

one of our party made acquaintance in the valley with one of the first settlers—an acquaintance formed through a copy of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, which the old man sent to borrow, expressing wonder and pleasure at the news that some one was in the valley who "dared" to read that famous sheet. This old man told us that he came to the valley years ago as a hatter, making hats of any fur, from painter to polecat, mostly of rabbit and coon, though." His trade had paid him poorly after a little, so he had turned his hand to farming, with toler able success, but the war come on and there were the ealousy and rancor of opposing parties, and the disturbances caused by pillage and robbery. This man suffered for the faith as a Union man. He told his story himself to the members of the party who carried him THE TRIB UNE on mail days. He was a pictures que old man, with pent-house brows, handsome dark eyes, white hair and whiskers, bent, slight figure claf in very dark blue jeans and shrewd face, watching the visitor's handwrite on the ever-ready slate made necessary by his deafne He talked very well, telling old stories of hunters or nar rating the recent troubles between North and South Care lina cattle-owners about pasturage and "ranges." His language was so good that his visitors wrote on the slate question as to where he had been educated.

He gave a short laugh. \* Educated ! By books spelled out in the chimney-corner after a hard day's work," he said. "I had no other education. I was mar-ried young, and came to this country. It's the finest country between earth and sky; and the scenery is just a curiosity-now, isn't it ? But I've had some hard times. used to read THE TRIBUNE, you know, and I was always for the Union; and I wasn't prudent in my talk at first. The time did come when I hadn't a kirsman I dared to talk to; I didn't even dare to talk to my wife; didn't dare to sleep under my own roof; I lay out in the woods nights wrapped in an old quit. But you've heard of the night th y found me at home ?" The vehenent voice here trembled and the keen, dark eyes shone "I was in bed and some one ea led from the gate, about 10 o'clock at night, that they had some rabbit-skins and coon-skins to sell me, and I got up and went out. They were all masked. There was a mab of them They beat me with 300 lasbes and left me for deal. My wife had run out the back way to call a neighbor, but us one came in time to save me a lick. That's what my deafness comes from and my old, bent, weak back.

"After that my name went far and wide as a Union man, and nobody knows the work! I did, the men I fed and sand spided. and guided. All through Georgia and South Carolina, all through the monatains, it was known that if a Union man, black or white, could get to me he was safe. I'd advise him, and feed him, and pilot him, and give him all the help and information I could. My even wife didn't know what I was up to !"

CURIOUS CHUICH SCENES.

It was at church on Sunday that we beheld the edify-

ing spectacle of a humorous meeting between a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and one of the Northern body of Methodists. The Northerner baptised our daughters of Republicans in the neighborhood and the Southerner baptised two women and three babies, supposedly of the other political creed. It was amicably arranged as to which should preach, and then one sat down on the little wooden bench on the narrow platform, while the other opened the Bible on the meag desk and began his discourse. The preacher had an un-happy way of wheeling about rapidly with his arm akimbo, in the heat of his elequence, which kept the brother behind him dedging his elbows with the most painful and incessant care. The sermon touched on the painful and incessant care. The serimon doctaces on sus sus of envy and evil speaking, "covetousness," gambing, and intemperance. In contrast with the city preacher who discourses on "the glided halls of sin," the country preacher pletured the dingy attic, the great pine-board table, the sickly tallow candle and the black bottle—the reckless gamesier's frequent resource; the final and consequent suicide being referred to as "a watery grave" and not as "the fatal bullet."

Another sunday an Episcopal minister visited the valley, and certain devout communicants of the Church metamorphosed the little meeting-house, having it thoroughly scrubbed by their servants (negroes brought from the "low country" for the season), aftar rails set up, red rugs laid, the pine-table draped in snowy linen, and shades darkening the sashless window-frames. The place had another air altogether, and the summer boarders came out in foll force. The country people were not absent, either; but I fancied that most of them came with the idea at showing due respect to the neighborhood, and by all of that family which is looked up to in the valiet, very much as was the English aquire of old days. The Hamptons of South Carolina have had a summer residence here for years. stus of envy and evil speaking, "covetousness," gam-

SOME SOCIAL STUDIES. "I have just hearin fanny account of that drunker wagoner from the corundum mines," said the enthusiast of our party one morning. "What do you think the 'huckleberry woman' says? 'He's a mighty good fellow, a real good man-when he am't drunk; but la! he gits drunk nigh e'en an' about every time he goes to Walhalla : and it's a pity, bekase his wife has done go afeared to live with him ; and as to his daughters, why these yere mountin boys had to up an' marry the last one of 'em to keep the old man from abusing 'em-when he was drunk.' Only when he was drunk! What volumes that utters as to the chivalry of th mountain boys! And wint do you think of 'a real good man' like that i''. And the pretty tessimist drew down the collers of her meath; but her hands were very tenderly folding a thry garment she had beer making for 'Mande's' haby.

"Mandy's' baby.
"It's all of a piece," she grouned. "The idea of this poor girl' Mandy, a deserted wife and a mother at sixteen! But 'Mandy' is respectable, and that is enough

icen! But 'Mandy' is respectable, and that is chough for me."

"They are all respectable," said our optimist, calmly.

"They have more distilleries and fewer marriages here than there ought to be; but every one seems to feel justified. You see no air of effrontery, doubt, defiance, or degradation in the face of any young mother who comes caimly into church on Sundays, with the baby in her arms, just as the married women do. Society is not hard on the poor things, and their families hold to them. It is very strange, but the doctor says that is the secret of many late marriaces and keeps the door open to restoration and reformation. They are not given up as lost and abandoned."

"Poor souls! They need to be taught, they need

abandoned. "Poor souls! They need to be taught, they need schools and pastors," said the enthusiast, asdiy. "They have lived 'out of the world 'always. It Sunday-school I didn't find a scholar who had been taught the Ton Commandaments."

have lived 'out of the world analyse. It addn't find a scholar who had been taught the Fon Commandaments."

By the way" said the optimist "our hostess, having gone away for the day, the cook said to me just now; 'Looky here! I low lor one of you uns to come into the kitenen and sass me to-day, 'stid of the massis."

"That woman is a terror, 'sighed the possimist. "None of us would dar! to offend her for lear of having the work to do ours lives. But I wish you could have seen her with that intant she phees in a tub during the day, to keep it from sprawling under her feet, saunter out to the front yard, balls and tub under her arm, and sent herself beside me under the trees. 'You look sorter lonesome,' she said, 'an'! feel like a restin' a spell, so here we uns come to see you uns. Ain'; you leared to look at your baby all in white clo'es! Seems to me it looks jeel like it was laid out ready for a coffin."

Here the door was shruptly opened by the tall, gannt woman who had consented, rather as a favor, to work for our hostess this summer. "Haito, Linny!" said the domestic terror, "yere's a man to see you. He come last night while you were at supper, but he wouldn't wait. He axed me how long 'fore you'd get done, an' I tole him I addn't eat for you; I 'lowed for you to do your own chawin'!"

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE

MISS KELLOGG A GIRL AGAIN. EARLY DAYS REVIVED IN HER OLD HOME

IPROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRUSHE. BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Sept. 27 .- Af the janction of the Naugatuck and Housatonie rivers, in the town of Derby, Conn., scated upon a bold promotory, flanked on the east and west by the illages of Derby and Shelton, and joined on the north by that of Ansonia is the thriving little borough of Birmingham. It is sur rounded by lofty round bills, from the tops of which are to be seen at a giance the whole four settlements, containing together about 15,000 inhabitants, with a landscape so diversified by river and meadow and woodland as to present to the eye a lovely picture. To this beautiful region, somewhere about the year 1840, came the family of Geroge Kellogg, consising of himself, wife and a daughter born nine months before in South Carolins, where the family had resided for two or three years. By reason of a fatal sickness there prevailing, they were obliged to flee northward for their lives, taking up finally their abode in Birmingham-then in its infancy-where Mr. Kellogg engaged in the manufacture of Bochm flutes, surgical instruments, etc.; while his wife devoted herself to houshold duties, and, at odd times, to teaching music, in which art she was for the day and time proficient. Ene wrote acceptably for the periodicals, and was withal an adept with the penell and brush, besides naving a talent for mechanics. It was in this rural home of the arts that the young Clara Louise grew up as self willed and imperious a little body as is often found, never to be governed by force, yet always obedient to reason and kindness. From the first, the mother, like most mothers. was impressed with the idea that there was something brilliant in store for her precocious little daughter, an impression which was confirmed by many little incidents, sometimes bordering on the mystic and marvellous. One of these was the apecryphal story of the first song sung at the age of nine mouths, clearly and correctly, before the amazed and frightened mother, who was convinced that the baby was about to die. Mrs. Keilogg told me this tale, and there can be no doubt that she fully believes it.

The first public appearance of the child was when she was some five or six years of age, at a juvenile concert, gotten up in Birmingham by one Professor Phoebus, New-Haven music teacher, in a song entitled, and ending with the words, "Who will buy my roses red !" uttered the last line, at the same time extending her hand with a bunch of flowers. Thomas M. Newson, then Editor of The Derby Journal, exclaimed, "I will buy them," at the same time going forward to the platform with a bright new silver dollar, which he placed in th hand of the half-frightened and blushing maiden. For several years prior to her removal with her parents to New-York (at the age of thirteen years) she was the principal alto singer-with her mother as organist-in the St. James Birmingham Episcopal Church; her father "leading" as chorister on the flute. As yet, however, though considered an excellent assistant in the choir, yet sobody had freamed of the fame and the fortune that lay in her voice. This discovery remained to be made by a prominent New-York banker, who by accident overheard the young girl singing. Having a daughter of his own who was attracting some notice as an ama-teur singer, that gentlems a at once took the maiden inder his patronage, and, with his daughter, was largely instrumental in bringing her before the world.

During all this time Birmingham has naturally been proud of her distinguished daughter, and, therefore, when it was announced that she would make a visit here in September, it was at once determined that she should have a warm welcome. Comenel and Mrs. Wm. B. have a warm welcome. Coienel and Mrs. Wm. B. Wooster placed their fine bouse, norses, carriages, servants, etc. at her disposal, and kind feeling and constant attentions made her visit so delightful that it was prolonged two weeks. Mrs. Keilogg, being an invalid, has been compelled to find her pleasure iargely in the knowledge that her daughter, whether rambling over the hilsides, retracing the footsteps of her childhood, or dodging in here and there, as readily over the threshold of the poor as of the rich, was not only making friends upon every hand, but was having a "right hown good time." A simple child of the common people, as she went out from our borders, so she returns to us. At the hotel Miss Keilogg was a favorite, especially with the servants, for whose benefit on one occasion she borrowed an old banjo and gave an impromptin concert in the diningroom to their great satisfaction.

During her visit Miss Keilogg received one of the most singular presents that a prima donna or any one else

Duting her visit Miss Kellogg received one of the most singular presents that a prima doina or any one else ever received, namely, a large dish of nothing more nor less than corned beef hash, prepared in the highest style of the domestic art. This homely visind is one of which said is extraordinarily fond, and a lady's discovery of that proclivity suggested the gift.

Among Miss Kellogg's good qualities is benevolence. Not the smallest domand upon her purse has been the support and education of two families of orphan children, nine in all. Apropos of this trait a pleasant incleat occurred at a fair in the neighboring town of Hunington last week at which Miss Kellogg was present. Two or three pictures in oil were on exhibition in which like Kellogg thought she discovered evidences of units and active talent that only needed encouragement. A week it of a blushing country maiden was introduced as the artist, and the singer became so interested as to offer at once to make her arr education a special care.

# INDIAN HOP-PICKERS.

BUSY SCENES IN THE PUYALLUP VALLEY.

IFROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] TACOMA, Wash. Ter., Sept. 17 .- This town, which has recently been visited by Mr. Villard's news paper guests, occupies a commanding position on the bluffs, with a fine view of Mount Tacoma in the distance and also the snowy peaks of the Olympic Mountains on the pennsula between the sound and the occan. The place is growing rapidly and presents all the appearance of a live Western town. The railroad company s building a large hotel and has shops here which give employment to many persons. There is a branch road to Carbonado, thirty-four miles distant, which brings a great quantity of coal here. The Central Pacific Rat road Company owns large coal fields near Tacoma, and ships coal by water to San Francisco for use on its road. A part of the excursion party were taken by all to the Puyaliup Valley, one of the most fertile spots on this coast, and the seat of many hop yards. One of the largest of these yards was visited, The hops are picked by Indians who come with their families a distance of several hundred miles to earn money in this way. There were about 4,000 Indians at work in the valley picking bops at the time of this visit. They are paid \$1 a box for picking, and earn from \$1 to \$1 50 a day each. It is an interesting sight to see them at work, their camps and families being near at hand. There are 1,200 acres of hops under cultivation in that valley and the yield this year will be about 1,450 pounds to the acre. There was no rain for four months, hence the crop is said to be about three-lourths the usual yield. But three-fourths of a crop -which is said to be the smallest yield ever known here-is more than double the average yield in New-York State. The cost of th hope baied for market, seconding to the largest producer here, is nine cents a pound, and the price now paid by dealers is twenty-five cents a pound. Last year, owing to the failure of the crop elsewhere in the country, the producers in the Payallup Valley received \$1 a pound, and as the crop was a full one many persons studenty producers in the Payallup Valley received \$1 a pound, and as the crop was a fail one many persons studenly become comparatively weathy. One dealer in the valley is said to have made \$100,000 last year. The soil is peculiarly adapted to the editivation of nops, and as there is no frost until October it is a safe and valuable crop to cultivate.

The Indian labor is of course a great advantage. But the Indians, once so numerous in this country, ars rapidly disappearing. Waite men's diseases have had much to do with this decrease in the ladian population.

Besides hops, vegetables and fruits and cereals are largely produced in the vicinity. The country is heavily wooded as a general thing, and unless the timber can be disposed of te advantage it costs too much to clear the land for cultivation. There are many good farms in the Puyaliap Valley, however, and the evikences of a community suppying the advantages of Eastern towns was a surprise to the visitors.

# FROM DULUTH TO PORTLAND.

THE VILLARD EXCURSION-ENGLISH "GUESTS" PUT OFF THE TRAIN.

IFROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Portland, Oregon, Sept. 13 .- When Mr. Villard's guests, on the "opening excursion" of the Northern Pacific Railroad, reached this city they were naturally inclined to rest. Seven days spent on a rail road train, even though it is not moving all the time, makes one feel as though ending a sea voyage. But the people of Portland, in their joy at being connected by rall with the other cities of the Union, had prepared a grand reception and celebration, which, with the con tinuation of the excursion trips, have kept the guests

well occupied since their arrival here. Mr. Villard got rid of some of his would-be guests in rateer an unceremonious manner. Mr. Slingsby Bethel, a cierk in the Euglish House of Lords, attached himself a clerk in the English House of Lords, attached himself to the party in some way. He had two sons, young men, and these he sent to the Yellowstone Park with Rufus Hatch. When the Villard train met Mr. Hatch's party, the Bethel boys got aboard the train with tiefr father. As the Villard train was already weighted with uninvited railroad commissioners and their relatives, and with a number of persons who came as uninvited substitutes for invited guests, the addition of the Bethel boys with their assuming ways was too mach. Not accepting an invitation to leave the train, they were put off at Missouls in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and were obliged to pay their way back. Mr. Bethel, sr.,

was roundly rated by some of the English guests, and

A trip up the Columbia River by steamboat, yesterday, was one of the most enjoyable parts of the whole ex-cursion. The five boats of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company extend the river to Dallas City, ighty-seven miles from Portland. The railroad, however, runs along the river bank a distance of 214 miles from Portland. The scenery on the Columbia is magnificeux, and, if the foreign guests are allowed to be the judges, it equals anything to be seen in Europe. At this time in the year, when the forests are arrayed in varie-gated tints, the seenery is particularly grand. There are ter seed heights, abrupt chiffs, crags in curious shapes and monotains, the tops of which are hid by overhaus, ing clouds. The banks in places rise precipitously to the ing clouds. The banks in places rise precipitously to the height of 2,000 feet, and the basaltic rock is covered with vegetation of many colors. There are beautiful cusscides, some of which fall seven or eight bundred feet. The whole forms an increasing panorama of wonderful variety. There is one place water five snow.capped mountains can be seen at once on a clear day—St Helen's 19.750 feet). Tacoma (14.360 feet), A ams (9.576 feet), Hood (11.205 feet) and Jederson, the last looking over ranges a long distance to the South.

The exercision party breaks up nere into three or four sections. Mr. Villard with the German guests, who are his especial care, and some of the Eighst guests, go to Purct Sound and Victoria, and then return east, stopping at the Yellowstone Park. Mr. Evaris, General Grant and a few others return home at once in special

ping at the Yellowstone Park. Mr. Evarts, Gruera, Graat and a few others return home at once in special cars. The "general guests" vish Puget Sound and tuen return east by special train. The newspaper represe tatives and artists form another special party, and they go to Puget Sound and to Vaccouver's Island, and visit mines, Indian reservations and various other places, returning cast by way of Duluth. A part of them, however, go to San Francisco on the return from Victoria, and tuen go east by the Southern Pacific,

### OLD TICONDEROGA.

PRIMITIVE PASTORAL SCENES NEAR A HIS-TORIC SPOT

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNG. ORWELL, Vt., Sept. 28 .- The pleasing and picturesque places which have no summer hotel, and know nothing of the summer boarder, have nowadays become so rare that the finder of one feels rather inclined to keep his discovery a secret than to publish it It is like an undshed brook; let its location once he known to the professional anglers after pleasure, and one after another the shy and distinctive There is, it is true, a quiet hotel at charms disappear. Fort Ticonderoga, a few unles from the place where this But its guests gaze abstractedly over Lake Champiain to the Vermont shore, without ventur ing across, or turn their faces back to well-known Lake George. To be sure, the farm-house on the bluft above the ferry at Chipman's Point is known as " the hotel," and its owner has announced for some time his intention

to open it to summer guests, but he has gone no further.

The primitive ferry, too, is a set-back to timid travel. At the turn of the road leading therete stands erane like that which used to hold the swinging sign of coach inns. In place of the sign hangs a horn, to summon the ferryman from his distant house or field.

To breeders of fine strains of live stock, however, and to horse dealers and fanciers, this region has long been known. A stranger's eye is immediately attracted by the wide rolling meadows and the steep hillside pastures. But he often needs to be told that the soft-eyed cattle grazing thereon, or standing in patient groups in the farmyards at milking time, are genuine Jerseys; that the black, wrinkled sheep are Spanish merinos, held at prices that to the uninitiated seem as fanciful as those demanded for rare bulbs by an old Dutch tulip-grower; that the sleek co ts which crane their necks over the condside fences are the finest crosses of the Hambletonian and Morgan blood. No more admiring eyes follow Maud S. down the New-York drives than are here turned toward Ben Franklin and Addison Lambert when they appear on the village street. The highly prized mering sheep often present a very uncouth appearance with their rhineeeros-like folds and wrinkles, the woo all blackened with the superfluous oil that has hardened into a gum upon the outside. And great care is taken to shelter them from showers and heavy dews, lest any of this apparently useless and dirty coating should be washed away. Many of them have their pedigrees traced back several generations further than their owners, per haps, could trace their own family lines. Lambs of blue blood have holes punched in their ears, into which are inserted silver labels, each bearing a number and the name of the owner. This number is registered on the books of the sheep breeders' association, and notification s given of any sale or transfer; and no sheep can be said to have a social standing without this silver ear-ring and

Sheep-breeders not only send here from nearly every State and Territory, but even from Australia, for stock to improve their own flocks. A partial copy of a bill of lading of Spanish merinos sent from Lisbon in 1810, by Will-lam Jarvis, then United States Consul at that port, has a certain interest, in connection with this subject, as well s for its quaint and pious phraseology;

Bulpped by the Grace of God, in good Order and well conditioned, by William Jarvis, in and upon the good Ship, called the Alfred, whereof Joseph Patch is Master under God, for this present veyage, and by God's Grace bound for Roston, Forty-eight Spanish Merino Ewes and Six Spanish Merino Rams, etc., etc.

A gratification of fifty Cents a nead is to be paid to the Captain, and twenty-five Cents a head to each of the two mates if not more than ten per Cent Die on the passage. The work of butter-making, as one sees it here, has about it many pictures que features not found in the Here is a farm-house where everylarge creameries. thing is carried on with maniflous neatness. The twenty Jerseys are milked in covered pails, to keep out all the dust possible; the milk is strained, and immediately se in running water to cool. After cooling, the narrow, deep pails are placed in an ice-box, and kept at a temperature of 45°. The cream forms rapidly to a depth of six or eight inches, and is carefully dipped off while still sweet. Then, on churning day, before sunrise, there is to be seen a pretty picture of a black-eyed, eight-year old maiden scaled astride of Mollie the mare, riding her around the ring of the horse-power, scolding and slap-ping her now and then, for the petted horse finds it stuold work, and plainly shows her sulkiness in every feature, while in the dairy the large barrel-churn revolves with a steady swing. In a little more than an hour the globules of butter form, Mollie and the maiden are reglobiles of butter form, stolle and the missed are re-leased, and the buttermilk is drawn of. The golden granules of butter, about as large as duck-shot, look very tempting as they lie there, forty or lifty pounds of them, after being washed with a clear brine. In the working and salting great care is taken not to crush and tease them unnecessarily. The last of the milk is taken up by a cloth wrapped about a sponge; and, even after pack-ing, if the butter be broken, it will still show a granu-lated fracture.

them unnecessarily. The last of the thin is taken all of a coot is wrapped about a sponge; and, even after packing, if the Lutter be broken, it will still show a grain-lated fracture.

For an afternoon ramble, few piaces can ofter more, in the way of beautiful views, associated with historic memories, than Ticonderoga. "Ti," the natives call it, and stare at you if you squander your breath by pronouncing the whole. And the syllabic "Ti" well represents the dismantled condition of the old fortress—some of it done by time, but more by the wanton hands of those whose longues have clipped the name. The stones of the wails lay too temptingly at hand not to be utilized in building new wails for pastures and sheep pens. At the village of "Ti" is located one of the pulp mills which have sprang up so thickly in Northern New-York since the development of the manafacture of paper from wood fibre. No lover of trees can view with equanimity the granding up of the stately growth of generations into the most fugitive of all products. In the neighborhood of the pulp mills the face of the green-wooded earth begins to look as if it had been visited by a scourge of girantic grasshoppers. Woodlots are chopped away with a pitliess sweep; the best findber is sawed into boards; the second best goes to the pulp mills; the rest hes on the ground to rot, or dry into tinder. Then comes the spark from the rife or the camp-fire to complete the work of destruction—a destruction which often involves large tracts of timber which the axe had spared.

# MR. GOULD'S JERSEY COTTAGE.

C. H. Botsford in The Manhatlan.

"I bought a cottage over there once," he represented, as we sighted a cluster of toy villas close to the shore. "It was of the Queen Anne order, furnished, even to the cricket on the hearth, the builder who sold it to me asserted. The plumbing was especially perfect. It bad, in addition, all the modern improvements; hot and cold water, gas, stables, graveled walks, and the green grass kept growing all around by a movable fountain where a fine rambow played, for two cents an hour, I think. The lawyers said the title was perfect. The deeds were passed and I entered into possession on Monday. Tuesday, a New-Jersey plumber presented a bill for his work and the improved fixtures. I naturally told him it was all paid for with the house, and showed my deeds! He displayed a mechanics' lieu which the builder had given him. I refused to pay, and he came at me with a steriff. I saw his sheriff and—well. I paid. Wednesday, the gas-fixture man came. He brought his sheriff and away went with his money. Thursday orough the mriture dealer. He had ten informed that I had refused to pay any more lieus on the house, and he carried the sheriff in his wagon to help load up the things. Of course I paid him. I didn't want to see the sheriff of a great State handling a lot of furniture like a common truckman. Well, to make along story short, all that week and part of the next my cottage was beseiged with carpenters and work-mee, from the man who built the gravel-walks to

# TRAVELLING FOREIGNERS.

HUMORS OF A WESTERN TRIP.

RUFUS HATCH'S GUESTS ON HORSEBACK-THE MAN-NERS OF TWO YOUNG ENGLISHMEN-A GERMAN CREATES A SENSATION IN A CHICAGO THE TRE -INCIDENTS IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

IFROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE,

inexperienced riders start on a journey in the presence of a host of admiring friends, gathered, I will say for the sake of illustration, on the porch of a hotel? To my mind few more ludicrous sights can be had in this world; tudicrons and at the same time instructive. The amount of pretence and deceit displayed at such a moment does not exhibit human nature in one of its most favorable aspects. Why should aman or a woman be unwilling to acknowledge that he or she has never had any experience in riding on horseback? Is it disgrace ful not to know how to bestride a horse or a mule; or a donkey for that matter? Yet, did you ever find people ready to admit it? If they do, they generally qualify their statements by either saying: It is such a long time ago since I rode on horseback, that -or: I rarely can manage a strange animal, and this I am afraid is-and a score of similar excuses. Just watch the young fellow-he scarcely knows on which side of his beast he is mount-get into the saddle with his right leg bent into the shape of a parenthesis. How he stretches and straightens his legs after he gets his seat and has the guide alter the length of the stirrups over and over again. With what a knowing look he surveys his nag's forelegs, pats its neck (he is all this while in a dreadful state of mind lest the beast should take it into it's head to make a sudden start) and then puts the balls of his feet well into the stirrups and turns his toes inward and his heels down. He is an old horseman, he tells us, in fact he rides every day of his life when at home, and he is looked up to at once by the more timid of the party on the strength of that statement. See that young lady-who tips the scales with a comfortable 175 pounds or so-in her frantic attempts to gain the saddle. And that weak-kneed young gentleman, who will certainly burst a blood vessel in his efforts to balance her weight on the palm of his hand. He evidently has not acquired the knack of lifting a lady into her seat. Indeed, neither of the two has the faintest idea how to mount, yet both would die rather than own +bey had never been on a horse's back be-fore in their life. "Leddies and gentlemaine, are you reddy all ?" at last exclaims the little French doctor in his shrill-

Well, well, what am I writing about? This is not our party that is prepared to start on the trip around the Park! Ours is composed of ladies and gentlemer, I would have you understand, that would scorn to make those little pretensions to horsemanship described above. Those of us who find any difficulty in mounting by themselves do not disdain the use of chairs and benches; and the prudent get into wagons or buggies. That must have been another party whose strange antics I pictured, and somehow I got everything mixed up in my recollection of that day. Our people, the first detachment (twenty-five strong) start ed in good order and with the decorum becom ing the character of its members. And nobody knowing them would have expected anything dif-AN IRREGULAR START.

hotel at about 10 o'clock in the morning, but everybody knows how difficult it is to set a large number of people into motion promptly except, perhaps, when a dinner is in prospect)-we started, I say, in four wagons seating fifteen people, attended by four drivers and two servants, led by two guides and escorted by a fine cavalcade composed of one lady and four gentlemen. It was an imposing sight, as the goodly number of travellers, in the best of spirits and full of expectation as to the wonders they were to see, left the hotel amid the cheers of those remaining behind.

We started, then, at about 2 o'clock in

the afternoon (it is true we intended to leave the

It was perhaps not quite so imposing a sight when scarcely out view of the building, while winding up the steep sides of Terrace Mountain, the party broke up in wild disorder. Some of the teams proving better than the rest started shead. Three riders, tolerably well mounted, scaled the steep turns of the road without difficulty and left behind them clouds of dust and dirt for others to swallow. under the persuasive influence of spur and whip, applied by the experienced guides, took to the woods where even the "old horsemar," much less the young lady whom he had very gallantly offered to escort, was not able to control their vagaries and strong predilections for browning. Brought to their senses (I refer to the ponies now), the guides saddled one of the animals anew, the young lady betook herself to a wagon, a gentleman took charge of her horse, and everybody was happy once more. As we move along those experienced riders of ours begin to forget clutching the pommel of their saddles whenever the horses start into a gallop; their right arm now hangs gracefully at their side, the left hand guide their nag with an easy motion, and their carriage is nearly faultless-that is, whenever they pass one of the wagons in which the ladies are seated. Once passed, they seem the ladies are seated. Once passed, they seem to forget themselves at times and become demoralized, but after all they manage to "catch on."

The road from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the Norris Geyser Basin (our first day's destination) winds through beautiful valleys, along mountain sides, over rocks, through bubbling streams and past numberless lakes. Among such scenes and in the midst of such surrounaings it is difficult to tell how anybody can read a guidebook. Yet such is the strength of this habit in a certain class of people (I call it habit for want of a better word, though it mightjustly be termed a passion), that even here some of the company could be seen for the greater part of the way immersed in books "reading up" on the Park, examining maps or scanning official reports, without even heeding the scenes around them.

BRITISH REFINEMENTS.

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The more tedious stretches of the read are enlivened by conversation chiefly concerning our friends who are to leave the hotel on the following day. What has become of the Hon, S. S. and his eye-glass? What are those interesting young peo ple, the B. brothers, doing just now? And those charming young English ladies whose repertory of songs everybody by this time is thoroughly acquainted with? Are the Captain and his friend M., whose lisping drawl is oftenest heard in the neighborhood of the barroom, still engaged in cursing their luck in having to pay \$1 (it's beastly, you know) for a bottle of "beah"? And our noble Lord, is he going to leave the party to go hunting by himself ? What will the Y's do in his absence? Whom will they courtf They cannot descend from an English nobleman to a French caron 7 Good heavens, the fall would be too great!

The B. brothers are two boys who, if accident should have allowed them to be born Americans, would have had some sense kicked them long before they had reached their present age. As it is they have none, and, what is worse, they do not seem to be aware of it. The older members of the English party hasten to assure us that they are not representatives of the best or even better class of young Englishmen as found at home. It is to be hoped they are not; nevertheless it must be remarked that their other young English irlends are dangerously like them in behavior and manners. The grandfather of these boys rose from an humble position are not; nevertheless it must be remarked that their other young English friends are dangerously like them in behavior and manners. The graudiather of these boys rose from an humble position in life to be Lord Chancellor; he is, or rather was, as one of the party who cught to know informs me, the only respectable member the family ever had; the father, I am given to understand, is clerk of the House of Lords. The airs which the sons give themselves would be ludicrous if they were not at times positively disgusting. They talk at the top of their voices; they show no respect to persons older than themselves; they rush to secure the best seats at the dinner table; when there, they try to monopolize the services of the waiters; in a word their behavior is as rude and boisterous as their manners are ill-bred and offensive. In their treatment of the ladies any cowboy could teach them a lesson.

To enable them to appear in fresh white flannel suits or anck trousers out here in the wilderness every day they did not hesitate to carry with them thirteen trunks, and trunks, I assure you, of a size that would have excited the cury of a woman of fashion. The fact that their host had to pay five cents a pound for the transportation of luggage inside the Park probably gave them very

little concern. So long as they were not called npon to foot the bills they were satisfied. Indeed they never hesitated to order drinks for themselves and their friends at the bar and have them charged to Mr. Hatch until the latter's good nature revolted against such imposition, and then they became all of a sudden very abstemions.

One of the B's was almost left behind one day shortly after we had started from Fargo. Like most Englishmen he continually talks of a "bawth," as if other people never used that convenience, and he insists upon having it every day. For some reason or other we had halted at a town about midnight, not knowing, however, how long we would be delayed. Some of the men went to a hotel which was still open, among them the younger B. He had been scated in the public-room about lifteen minutes when he suddenly espied the sign: "Baths 50 centa." Forthwith he proclaimed, rather than said, to the man behind the bar:

"I say, my man, I want to take a bawth."

He was furnished with towels, scap, etc., and had not been gone five minutes when the whistle of the locomotive sounded. Everybody heat a hasty retreat to the train, which was just moving off when B., half dressed, wildly swinging a towel above his head and gesticulating frantically, was seen to tumble down the stairs of the hotel and cut across the square of the town."

"Four dellars if the engineer will go ahead," exclaimed Enliss Hatch, but fortunately, or rather unfortunately, the little "chappie's" crees attracted the man's attention and B. succeeded in boarding the train. Since that day, it is noticed, he has expressed less fondness for his "bawth."

A GERMAN IN CHICAGO. NORRIS GEYSER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Sept. 1 .- Did you ever see a cavalcade of

A GERMAN IN CHICAGO. It is strange what faculty some people have for making themselves unpopular. There is Dr. B., one of our German fellow-travellers, whose exterior. I confess, is far from engaging, but whose conduct nobody can find fault with. Yet ne seems to be unable to make friends. I remarked once before that he

seems to find some difficulty in adapting himself to strange surroundings and circumstances. A scene which some of us witnessed in a Chicago theatre seems to prove it beyond doubt. The curtain had just dropped upon the first act and the orchestra was preparing to strike up some lively air when the doctor stood up, and leaning against the back of the chair in front of him proceed examine the audience with his opera-glass, Now there is nothing in this action which would astonish, very greatly at least, a New-York audience, and certainly not a European, but in Chicago it seems to be otherwise. The doctor had not been engaged in his interesting investigation half a minute when hisses, intermingled with cries of "Sit down," were heard in all parts of the house. He probably did not understand the meaning of the words, for he continued quite unconcernedly to ogle the audience through his glass, never paying the audience through his glass, never paying the least attention to the noise, which seemed to grow louder every second. Before long the house was actually divided in its sympathies for the originator of all this opposit. Cries of "Make yourself scarce," "Go it, old curly head," "Squat," "Don't get frightened," and other like expressions could be heard on all sides. The doctor never moved. There he stood with the greatest self-composure in the world, not a smile in his expressionless face, surveying the shouting and laughing multitude. And to this day, I believe, he has never taken in the situation of that night. Powers alive, what will the book he is to write on America contain!

never taken in the situation of that night. Powers alive, what will the book he is to write on America contain!

It was nearly dusk before the last stragglers reached camp that night. So much time had been wasted in getting away from the hotel, and during the earlier part of the journey, that it was found necessary to make a spirt for the last eight or ten miles of the way. The flagging spirits of most of the travellers were revived at the prospect of getting something good to eat; the "experienced" riders, I imagine, were not averse to getting out of the saddle once more; and all, I am quite sure, were anxious to hug the camp-fire, for the air had become raw and chilly since the sun bad gone down behind the mountains. Whip and spur liberally applied brought a few of the mounted party to the front, foremost among them Mis. Le S. and the little French doctor who always follows her—when he can. She has exchanged horses with one of the guides, and is therefore well-mounted, besides being an excellent horsewoman. The Doctor cuts but a sorry figure on a horse, it must be confessed. An evil-disposed person in the party (is it Xf) calls him Sancho Panza, but I really do not see any resemblance between the pictures of that faithful follower and our Doctor as he canters along on his piebala mare, his cloows keeping time with the motion of his little legs. But presently the gallop is getting a trifle too violent for a man of his dignity. And yet he is a horseman of experience, A happy thought strikes him.

"Guide — Guide— Do-you-want-to-kill-that-woman? You-must-not-ride-so-hard—guide—I—"

But the sound of his voice is drowned in the clatter of the hoofs, and the merry laughter of the lady only doubles the anguish and torments felt by the unfortnante little gentleman as he sees his finely laid plan miscarry and the hopes he had attached to it dashed to pieces.

ARRIVAL IN CAMP.

The camp was crowded by people who had ar-

ARRIVAL IN CAMP.

The camp was crowded by people who had arrived in advance of us. Fortunately there was enough to eat, and before long we were seated at two pine boards, covered with a fresh, white cloth. and laden with every kind of eatables.

I don't know how the conversation later in the methods of earning a living; and how, of all things, it should turn to such a thing as the keeping of a laundry. It may have been that we fe't already the need of clean linen at this early stage of our journey, or that, not being able to get any washing done at the hotel, some one suggested that a laundry in these parts for the convenience of tourists might prove a profitable venture. Indeed, a gentleman remarked that he had been told of a sign stuck against a tree somewhere around here which bore the following highly original inscription: TO

### PIONEER'S LAUNDRY 8 MILES.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU GOT YOUR NECK BROKEN AND WORE A DIRTY SHIRT ? What was our astonishment, then, when we saw

What was our astonishment, then, when we saw one of the drivers around the camp-fire get up, go to his wagon and presently return with a board of the same size and character, and remark: "I'm the man that runn'd the Pioneer's Laundry." In reply to further inquiries he told us that he used to keep a laundry in the Gardiner Valley—a general wash-house for tourists camping in the surrounding mountains who might require his services. "But," he added, "i's now busted up, and it goes unkimmon hard with me, and the only thing I keep to remember the old place is this." At the same time he displayed the sign, the legend on which ran thus:

'TIS BETTER TO BE LOWLY BORN AND RANGE WITH DIGGERS IN THE DIRT

DIGGERS IN THE DIRT
THAN TO BE PERCHED UPON A MULE AND WEAR A
DIRTY SHIRT.

8 MILES TO PIONEER'S LAUNDRY. "Yes, I use the board in my wagon," he added. "and I keep it because the poetry is a bit of Shakes-peare which a gentleman wrote out for me while he was bunting in the mountains eight years ago."
"Shakespeare?" we cried in asionishment,

Where I' That was too much for him, but a gentleman in our party who knows his Shakespear assured us that in Henry VIII. somewhere in the second act there occurs a passage very similar to the one used by the ex-keeper of the Pioneer's Laundry. In fact, it runs like this:

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born And range with numble livers in content, And range with hamble fivers in content.
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
And wear a goiden sorrow."
The cold woke us the next morning, and made us

The cold woke us the next morning, and made us early risers. Few of the company had passed a pleasant night. It was the first experience we had had of camping out, but all felt cheerful and eager to go on. An hour after sunset found us on the road to the Upper Geyser Basin.

# A FLOATING BREAKWATER.

The formation of a floating breakwater for The formation of a floating break water for the purpose of protecting harbors of refuge and other exposed portions of our coast has long been one of the dreams of inventors. Wasther the problem is yet solved may be an open question, but one of the latest efforts to do so is exhibited at the Fisheries Exhibition, and has certainly the merit of ingenuity. The breakwater consists of a line of buoys of triangular shape with two concave sides. These buoys are expected to cleave the waves and to divert the portions right and left. Between each pair of buoys these diverted portions meet in collision, and thus expend upon each other most of their momentum. Floating as these buoys do, ten feet deep, they divert not merely the surface of the water, but a mass of ten feet in septh, so that another most of the momentum. Floating as these buoys diverted. Below this fifteen feet it is well known that there is comparatively still water.

As compared with the usual methods of protecting harbors and forming anohorages for vessels this invention claims to be superior in many ways. It can be consecuted and placed in position in six monta's time in the most exposed places. It can be removed, when the necessity for its use is past, with the greatest facility; and injury can be remedied by simply sub-tituting an uniquired bony for the injured one; and, above and boyond all other considerations, the relative cost of the buoys and their accompanying anchors and calles, and the expense of placing them, is stated to be less than one-fittleth part of the cost of the same extent of works constructed of stone or concrete. It would be interesting to have the invention placed beyond the range of theory, and proof afforded whether the the floating breakwater, does or does not possess the power to break the force of the waves in the manner claimed for it by its projector. Should it really be as effective as is anticipated, it would certainly be of great value in many exponed parts of the coast which are at present unprotected.